MONMOUTH and BUCLEUGH's WELCOM FROM THE NORTH: OR THE Loyal Protestants Joy FOR HIS HAPPY RETURN.

30. Sept. 1682

To the Tune of York and Albany's Welcome to England.

1. WHen ſtout young *Jemmy* went abroad
To ſee the *Northern Races*,
He met ten Thouſands in the Road,
That ſwore they were his *Graces*,
They flock about him day and night,
And made the *Skyes* to ring
And every one ſeem to delight
In *Monmouth* and the *King*.

2. They toſt their *Hats* up to the *Sky*,
The *Bells* did ſweetly ſound,
God bleſs young *James* was all the cry,
No other voice was found,
By *Bonefires* they expreſt their joy
In every *Town* and *City*.
We ſcarce could ſee one *Tory-boy*,
Oh! was not that a pitty.

3. Both *Gray* and *Green*, both old and young,
The Rich as well as Poor,
Had nought but *Monmouth* on their Tongue,
In every Loyal Door,
His *Preſence* made them all rejoyce,
A *Happy man* was he,
That could prevail with his loud voice,
This Noble *Duke* to ſee.

4. A ſullen look we could not find,
Where ever *Monmouth* went.
The *Nobles* were exceeding kind,
He gave them great content,
His very Preſence like the *Sun*,
Did drive the *Clouds* away,
Their *Glory* they did think begun,
And bleſt that *Happy day*.

5. And then began the *Royal Cup*
To paſs from hand to hand,
And all with joy did *Drink* it up
And wiſht us *Peace* i'th *Land*,
The *Muſick* playd, and ſome did *Sing*,
The worſt is paſt we hope,
Long live *Great Charles* our Sacred *King*,
The *Devil* confound the *Pope*.

6. But on a ſuddain there was ſeen
A *Popiſh Imp* draw near,
We partly gueſs where he had been,
So ſoon as he came here,
He caſt a *Cloud* upon the *Sun*,
And would not let it *Shine*,
The *Thread* that thou for him haſt *Spun*,
About thy *Neck* may twine.

7. But now our *Sun* with much more *Glory*,
Shoots forth his *Golden Rays*,
And now in ſpight of every *Tory*,
He has his former *Praiſe*,
He ſhews much *brighter* than before
Your *envy* makes him *Shine*,
Buclengh and *Monmouth* we adore,
And ſcorn the *Popiſh* Line.

8. In *King* and *Monmouth* we delight,
And for their *lives* we pray,
It's *they* muſt do the *Free-Born* right,
It's *they* and only *they*;
If *they* be for us, where's the evil
That we can undergo,
We fear no *Duke*, no *Pope*, nor *Divel*,
Nor any other *Foe*.

9. Long may the *King* and his beſt *Son*,
Be bleſt with *Joy* and *Peace*,
And may their Threads of life be *Spun*
Till all our *ſorrows* ceaſe;
Nay may they live and never dye,
In everlaſting Bliſs,
And may their *Foes* take Wings and fly
To th' *Arms of Pluto's Miſs*.

10. May their old *Love* new bud again,
May *Charles* his Son imbrace,
Then we'l ſcorn *Rome*, and *France*, and *Spain*,
Our ſtrength is in his *Grace*,
If *Father* and the *Son* agree,
Then *Heaven* is on our ſide,
And then *Old Pope*, a fig for thee,
That makes our *Breach* ſo wide.

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